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407. 194
P O E M S

ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

- I. The MONGREL PREACHER.
- II. The READING DON.
- III. A Letter to Dr. TAYLOR.
- IV. A Letter to the MINISTER MAKERS.
- V. The GLORY OF THE FUTURE STATE.
- VI. ACROSTICKS ON Dr. GILL.

By T. GILL.



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THE
PUBLISHER to the READER.

HAD the Author of these Poems been the Publisher, it is probable, they would have appeared in the World with double Advantage: But as the Original Copy has been a considerable Time in my Hands, and its Publication, much desired by many; their Request is now comply'd with; in Hopes, if the Author be yet alive, he will excuse such Freedom, and rejoice at the Benefit reaped already.

As for the Performance, it will speak for itself; and Oh! that the shameful Practices, inveighs against, may be exploded and rooted out for ever!

Inconsistent Systems, Minister-making, and Sermon Reading, are the principal Matters struck at; and it would be well if they were banished from Society, and rooted out of the Church; especially, that more than scandalous

scandalous Custom of repeating over and over a Course of old Compositions, which were, probably, collected Twenty or Thirty Years before. Such Conduct is worthy of our serious Abhorrence ! 'Tis presumptuous before the Lord, an Imposition upon the Congregation, and reflects the greatest Dishonour upon the *Reader* himself. (May all who follow this slothful Invention, for ever abandon the Practice, lest they be ashamed in the End !

Nor is the strange Infatuation less to be wonder'd at, which has seiz'd the generality of Professors, who, through Inadvertency, are so charm'd with the Inconsistencies which flow from the Pulpit, and the muddy Systems which abound amongst those who have the Name of *Religious Societies*.

The most notorious incoherent Discourses are generally preferred to the pure Consistency of the Gospel.

May all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in Sincerity, zealously oppose those Sons of Confusion, and earnestly unite in their Prayers to God, that Harmony in Doctrine and Discipline may be more universally propagated.

Yours &c. H.



P O E M S

ON

Various Occasions.

The MONGREL PREACHER.

DEUT. xxii. 9, 10, 11. TIT. ii. 8.



WHILE the Mongrel Calvinist boasts
of his Skill,

Runs on against *Whitby*, and cavils
with *Gill*,

Sets himself to correct each extravagant Theme,
And proposes to steer just betwixt each Extreme;
Sometimes sides with *Gill*, while of *Whitby* he raves,
Then to *Whitby* he runs while great *Gill* he be-
flaves;

Says the Man I have just split the Hair to my Mind,
When he's blunder'd along, like to one that's stark
blind;

Like a Guide in a Fogg, how he wanders about,
Till he brings you at last where at first you set out.

B

What

What before he did grant you, he'll soon take away,
 Thus he acts in his Jumbles, like Children at play;
 For when he's been led to talk things that are right,
 He'll soon *Application* them out of your Sight;
 You'd think all his Studies were chiefly confin'd,
 To bring *Babel's* Confusion afresh in your Mind.

While of *Gill* he complains, he cries what do you
 mean,

Do you think Human Creatures are like a MA-
 CHINE ;

Here he bids poor DEAD Sinners secure Salvation,
 Get *Faith*; and get *Christ*, and make home Appli-
 cation.

By and By tacks about and takes *Whitby* to do,
 Says I'm no Free-willer I'd have you to know.
 As the Offspring of *Adam* are sunk in the Fall,
 They are lost, they are dead, they've no Power
 at all.

And as God by a sovereign Act of his own
 Hath made choice of a Number to make his Grace
 known ;

So in the Day of his Power he'll send forth the
 Dove,

To quicken their Hearts as the Effect of his Love.
 What with one Hand he builds, with the other de-
 stroys,

What he just now affirm'd, he as frankly denies.
 One half must be false when he's said out his say,
 For who can give Credit to both YEA and NAY.

If a Guinea in Gold or its like struck in Brass,
 I should know at first View which for Current will
 pass ;

But

But when Counters are gilt I must take special Care,
If I take such for Guineas I'm drawn in a Snare.

So where ever I hear, if I might have my Will,
I'd have't all of a Piece, either WHITBY or GILL.

The READING DON.

An EXTEMPORY POEM.

Made while a limping Pretender to the Tribe of
Levi, was pleasing himself with what he called
Preaching.

PROV. XXV. 14.

BEHOLD our *Don* in all his sprightly Airs,
In gallant Form ascends the Pulpit Stairs,
The flocking Croud for various ends appear,
Some to be seen, some to see, and some to hear ; }
And rare it is to find a Face sincere.
For you must note such Preachers often find
An Auditory suited to their Mind,
And while the Psalm is singing, *Don* an't please ye,
Like to a Juggler in the Pulpit's busy.
He from his Pocket does his Sermon slide,
Which in his Bible he attempts to hide.
Singing is ended, *Don* must now repair
To seek to God, but wants the LIFE OF PRAYER,
A Flow of Words, in Form you may discover,
Which like a School-boy's Task's repeated over.
When Prayer or something like it's at an end,
And to the other part he must attend ;
Don's hard at work that every thing might ease him,
It seems his Cushion dees not lie to please him,

He sinks a hole i' the middle where he tries
 To hide his Scribble from the People's Eyes.
 Then he attempts to open wide his Book,
 " I'm the good Shepherd" was the Text he took,
 But whether Christ or He's the Subject-matter,
 'Tis hard to learn, his Sermon shew'd the latter ;
 He seem'd to read indifferently well,
 And may be he could all his Fingers tell ;
 Could sum them up together with his Pen,
 And let us know his Thumbs and all make Ten.
 Thought I you need not pray'd so earnestly
 That from the Spirit you might find Supply :
 Had you omitted that you'd been as wise,
 And pray'd for Spectacles to suit your Eyes,
 For while he read the Fragments he had penn'd,
 He mad a Fescue of his Finger's-end,
 When on the People he essay'd to look,
 His Thumb stood Centinel upon his Book.
 If any here should blame our *Don* and say,
 His Tongue before his Wit did trip away,
 This may be added, and I think most just,
 That of the three his Finger would be first.
 How innocent this Wooden Preacher stood,
 While he dish'd out his Antichristian Food.
 Be Mercy, Judgment, Life, or Death his Theme,
 All's one with him, he stands as in a Dream ;
 Lavish of's Learning, throws about hard Names,
 While all Mechanick Preachers he defames ;
 Says they're not call'd or qualify'd to Preach,
 And tells the Gospel lies beyond their Reach ;
 He quotes the *Hebrew* and the *Greek* to find,
 A Meaning to a Text ne'er was design'd.

Don knows his Trade and carries't on with Ease,
 Hard Words without a meaning can't but please,
 And when he's read his learned Sermon o'er,
 The People know as little as before.
 The gazing Auditory now conclude,
 That *Don* is wiser than a Multitude.
 They hear, they know not what, then *Don* is prais'd,
 Perhaps 'tis *Welch*, for which he's Idoliz'd.

I mourn'd the Case, and drooping went away;
 Thought I, this Man can neither Preach nor Pray,
 Just as much Food the Druggist's Shop affords
 With *Physick*, empty *Drawers*, and gilded *Words*.

A Copy of a Letter sent to Dr. ABRAHAM
 TAYLOR on his late Performance, intituled,
An Address to Young Students in Divinity, &c.

I COR. xiv. 6, 7, 8.

MOST wond'rous Sir, we admire thy Wit,
 And proportion our Praise to the Sense
 thou hast writ;

While some unto one Side the Question keep true,
 Are expos'd to hard Censures to please but a few,
 In a different Orbit from such thou art moving,
 Advancing such Notions as most are approving,
 Like a Parliament Man, who to shew himself big,
 Would fain be carest'd both for *Tory* and *Whig*.

Should *Barkley* or *Baxter* or *Bellarmino* rise,
 Or the great Mr. *Hussey* descend from the Skies,
 You might read in your Book, and let each of them
 see,

You deserve their Applause, for with each you agree.

But

But take each by himself, this your Friends would
 advise,
 Read it loud in their Ears, but ne'er humour their
 Eyes;
 For what one may approve of, the rest may despise.

The first in his way, will you compliment,
 Since you strike at those Men where his Arrows
 were bent.

Was the Gospelist down he saw plainly enough,
 Such must fall of themselves, who hold Mongrel
 Stuff.

You'll have thanks from old *Baxter*, when he
 comes to find,
 You've jumbled enough to confuse all Mankind,
 Or else we'll conclude he has alter'd his Mind.
 Where the Word *Necessary* for *Merit* may stand,
 Sure *Bellarmino* cannot but give you his Hand,
 While his *DADA* from *Rome* will this Favour bestow
 To approach the old Chair, and salute his great Toe,
 And for what you have wrote in the Church's
 Defence,
 He'll declare you a Saint there a Hundred Year
 hence.

Why old *Hussy*'s reproach'd there need no more
 be said,
 'Tis Reason sufficient because he is dead ;
 Had the Man been alive and one half of it true,
 The World might have begg'd, and not heard it
 from you.

Keep

* The same Reason exposes the Freedom Mr. *Brine* has taken,
 in reproaching the Writings of Mr. *Hussy* and *Stockell*. See his
 Sermon on the *Divine Decrees*.

Keep that close and pass on to old *Simon's* vile Case,
 How he pick'd up a Whore to his Shame and
 Disgrace,
 You'll have *Hussey's* Opinion 'twas filthy indeed,
 So you need not to doubt but in that you're agreed;
 But take care how he sees why old *Simon's* here
 nam'd,

If he finds it he'll scorn you, and make you
 asham'd.

Here if *Hussey* decline you, the Carnal and Blind,
 Will by Thousands appear, and declare it's their
 Mind,

Nor will here be an End of your Honour and Fame,
 For there's Legions of Devils approve of the same.

You run on against Botching as tho' 'twas agreed
 By the World to approve you a Workman indeed;
 But from hence I conclude the Old saying is just,
 That the greatest of Whores will be sure to baul first.

Since the internal Call is by you laid aside,
 You should fix on another whereby to abide,
 For 'tis hard those young Parsons that by you are
 made,

Should be left in the dark how to set up in Trade.
 Sir, be true to your Judgment, and tell to them all,
 That a Trumpet of Silver's a powerful Call;
 And a Call to be Pastor must always be clear
 From a People that's poor to a Hundred a Year.

'Tis no wonder to hear the Lay Preachers run
 down,
 By such Rabbi's as you who their Mission disown;
 With

But take each by himself, this your Friends would
advise,
Read it loud in their Ears, but ne'er humour their
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down,
By such Rabbi's as you who their Mission disown ;
With

With what Fondness thou'd boast the great Preach-
 ers thou'ft made,
 But the Spirit of God is here spoiling thy Trade.
 Though you grudge them that honour that's justly
 their due,
 Such can call Jesus, LORD, and preach better than
 you ;
 And for all your Ill-nature this Work they'll pursue.
 One word to the Binder, and then I'll conclude,
 And I hope he'll excuse me, nor judge I am rude.

Sir,

When this Ricketty Brat comes under your Care,
 If thou hast any Tendernefs use't with a Share ;
 It is needless to tell thee its Limbs are not sound,
 For from one end to t'other some Scabs may be found.
 Brought forth from the heat of an angry Mind,
 As the Effect pray observe how it's troubl'd with
 Wind.

Take care how you soil it or handle it rough,
 Of itself it is filthy and rotten enough,
 And its likely to meet with much hardship while
 here,
 For its Father declines in its Cause to appear ;
 See its Cloathing be good, of the strongest of Lea-
 ther,
 For 'tis the judgment of some it can ne'er hang
 together.

I should here have concluded had we not been told
 When you came in the Pulpit what you would
 unfold ;

How

How you'd batter down Error as it lay in your way,
And be useful to such as were going astray.

Now we hope you'll consider with diligent Care,
And attend to this Matter in Preaching and Prayer,
When you Offer a Christ, which is not yours to
give,

And exhort poor Dead Sinners to get Him and live.
We would know what you mean when in Prayer
you confess,

The Offspring of Adam are nothing and less.
Shew how Life is convey'd to a Sinner that's dead,
If before there's no Union to Christ as their Head.

If the unborn Elect be your Theme (if you please)
Let us know what you mean by such jumbles as
these.

Under Wrath, Heirs of Hell, still the hatred of Heaven,
Christ has dy'd for their Sins, yet they are not for-
given.

He their *surety* did stand, in their place he *obey'd*,
He has answer'd the *Law*, yet the *Debt* is not pay'd,
Yet they all shall be *Just*, and *Belov'd* in his sight,
If they once can believe what is *wrong* to be *right*.

Take care how you talk of Salvation compleated
By Christ on the Cross, *Sin* and *Satan* defeated;
For by chance such expressions as these you let fly,
For believing we're sav'd, for neglecting we die.

When you talk of rich Grace as the free Gift of God,
If you call that a *Purchase* 'twill sound very odd.

First be all of a piece, e'er a War you proclaim,
Or what e're you may think with D. D. to your
Name,

Be't with *Foster* or *Gill*, it will end in your shame.

See one end of your Sermon don't t'other confound,
That Trumpet's uncertain that *Jarrs* in the sound.

Yours to serve you,

T. G.

To the Ministers meeting at *Blackwell's* Coffee-House, occasioned by Mr. WILSON returning for Answer to *Warwick* Church's Request (wherein they desire their Assistance in helping them to a Minister) *We cannot help you to one this Twelve Months.*

To the Ingenious Gentlemen who found out an Answer to *Warwick* Church's Letter, without saying, *If it should please the Lord to raise up an able Minister, we will let you know of him, and be of you.*

TO you great Sirs the Praise is due,
Whose Answer seem'd both wise and true,
Your're right in saying they must stay,
Who can make *Parsons* every Day?

- Your Hot-beds may be good and strong
To bring them forward when they're young,
As Mushrooms rise from Asses Dung.
You force them up we plainly know,
As Cucumbers and Pumpkins grow,
Yet what of that, we often find,
The end is miss'd as first design'd,
Your Stock is often small or bad,
And where they're not, they can't be had.
It sometimes turns up worse by half,
For People's Pence out comes a Calf.

Good

Good Sirs, 'tis well to take a Year,
 Let thoughtless Mortals scoff and jeer;
 The next time pray take half a score,
 Doubtless they'll praise your Goods the more,
 It takes up half a Year to tell,
 What *Ergo* means to know it well;
 Besides, to teach them how to stand,
 What sort the Wig, what Form the Band,
 And how the Finger should proceed,
 The while they look about and read,
 Then where to place their Accents right,
 And how to feign the Poet's Flight.
 How serious when their Scheme is *Hell*,
 And pleasant when of *Grace* they tell,
 Be they in Earnest or in Jest,
 That matters not, if well express'd;
 This takes up Time, I will maintain,
 So *Warwick's* Friends need not complain.

One thing I have omitted too,
 That's what to *Pyrate*, and from who,
 Which is the least they have to do:
 The truth of's Sermon who will doubt,
 If bred at School that bears him out,
 While some the inward Call commend;
 Here's *Logick* at the Fingers end.

Hence *Tinker John* and *Cobler How*,
 And such as do attend the Plough;
 What need of Pastors sent us now.
 You pray indeed for such to come,
 Then fall to work and make us some.
Uzza is blam'd, pray where's the Sin,
 If th'Ark had fell where had they been?

Worthy Gentlemen,

In my giving my Approbation on Actions, which deserve Remarks; I am a fallible Creature and liable sometimes to go too far with my Incomiums. If any thing here should appear like Flattery, I hope those nearly concerned (who ever they be) will pass that by considering how far Bigotry oftentimes carries the unthinking.

But the Matter here will be better explained in a Dialogue (I know not but I shall present you with one) between old Mr. *Pious* and *Finick* his Wife, occasioned by young *Spoil-Text* preaching his Approbation Sermon, who was made an able Minister of a very new Testament, by the Learned and Reverend Dr. *Knowlittle*, wherein his *Apparel*, *Deportment* and *Address* to the People are considered and much admired, By MADAM,

Yours,

TIM. PLANTILOQUY.

On the Glory of a Future State; occasioned by a Minister's declaring his Satisfaction of the Blessed State of his Daughter.

CEASE anxious Sorrows here no more appear,
 Since we have heard her Evidences clear.
 With Joy and Pleasure she could well relate,
 Her Satisfaction in a Glorious State;
 And while her Body's view'd as breathless here,
 Her Soul's triumphing in the upper Sphere,
 Encompass'd round with Love, enlarg'd to sing
 The Majesty and Honours of her King,

Thoughts

Thoughts can't conceive, much less a mortal
Tongue,

Declare the Wonders that attend her Song.

Worthy the Lamb, she cries with thousands join'd,

Worthy the Lamb that once his Breath resign'd,

While on his Throne he sits in open View,

And Thousand Thousands do this Work pursue,
Saying, Power, Riches, Wisdom, Strength's thy
due.

Honour and Blessing, Glory we proclaim,

To th' boundless Mediator's boundless Name.

Anon they turn their Eyes to Things of Sense,
And views the various Scenes of Providence,
There they behold how bravely they were led,
In consequence of Union to their Head,
A Volume of such glorious Scenes appear,
In which they read the Mind of God most clear,
Through various Troubles how their Strength was
try'd,

Lov'd to be Call'd, Call'd to be Glorify'd.

Though Sin and Satan, Hell and all did rage,

Yet EVERLASTING LOVE's the Title Page.

Thus when the folded Leaves their Lord uncloses,

They warble forth the perfect Song of *Moses*.

Then their enlarged Thoughts are led to trace
The antient Stable Settlements of Grace,

How sure they stood in Christ, their Glory Head,

E'er the Foundation of the World was laid.

Such glorious Depths of Grace they'll here espy,

T'engage their Tongues to all Eternity,

And while each Office of the THREE's display'd,

An equal Glory to each Person's pay'd.

They

They Harp, they Shout, their Hallelujahs fly,
 And reach the upper Arches of the Sky;
 There endless Pleasures circling rowl along,
 While each attend to sing the Lamb's new Song.

Compleat in Glory! how must that be shewn!
 How they adoring stand, and how they own
 Their Lord, and cast their Crowns before the
 Throne! }

This Task's too high for Finits to relate,
 The perfect Glory of the GLORY STATE.

A C R O S T I C K S.

To Dr. GILL, On the Cause of God and Truth.

The First Part.

J udicious Man we offer willingly,
 O ur praise to God, the second place to Thee,
 H ow well thou hast the Gospel Scheme defended,
 N or serv'd those Texts, to speak what an't in-
 tended.

G o on brave Soul let Works ne'er share the Crown
 I f Truth's establish'd, Error must fall down:
 L et not *Arminis* boast what he hath done,
 L ay all his Building flat as thou'st begun.

The Second Part.

I f Neanomian Spirits here should rise,
 O r blunder out their strange Non-entities,
 H ere is enough to let them plainly see,
 N othing can stand but a Consistency.

G reat is thy Skill in Mysteries Divine,
 I t's bravely done, *God's Cause and Truth* shall
 shine,

Let

L et such as would another Gospel bring,
L ament their Folly in so vile a Thing.

The Third Part.

I f we have Reason and the Scripture too,
O ur Cause is good, what will *Arminus* do,
H ow must he wander that has ne'er a Guide,
N othing that's reasonable on his Side.

G ive up the Cause, *Arminus* boast no more,
I n truth thy Arguments are very poor,
L ong hast thou boasted Reason shall supply thee,
L et Reason speak, and Reason will deny thee.

The Fourth Part.

I f all those antient Fathers did embrace
O ur Judgments in the Doctrines of Grace,
H ow falsely some imagine when they say ;
N othing of this we had till *Calvin's* Day.

G od loves his Church, and sends her wholesome
Food,

I n every Age some Witnesses have stood. .
L ight still we trust shall shine with brighter Rays,
L et all his Saints from hence attend his Praise.

On Two Persons Recovery out of the Small-Pox.

AS when the weary Mariners have try'd,
T o gain their Haven with all Hands em-
ploy'd,

While round about the heavy Clouds draw near,
And Darkness reigns throughout the Hemisphere,
The

The Tempest drives while Mountains roll apace,
 And pale-fac'd Death appears on every Face.
 The foaming Billows lash against the Keel,
 While all like Drunken Men are made to reel ;
 At their wit's-end in dreadful Plight they cry
 Our Vessel's lost and every man must die.

When in that very moment God appears,
 And sets them free from all their Doubts and Fears,
 Says Peace be still ; immediately the Seas
 Most willingly his sovereign Voice obeys.

Such was thy Case my Soul, when in Distress
 Thy God made known his perfect Righteousness.
 When sore Afflictions did thy Body seize,
 The Day was woo'd for Rest the Night for Ease.
 Thou flung and tofs'd upon thy tired Bed,
 And thought thyself quite sunk amongst the Dead.
 The busie Tempter did thy Soul molest,
 And dismal Phantoms broke thee of thy Rest.
 No God appear'd while Darknes did surround thee,
 Sins like great Mountains seem'd to quite confound
 thee.

Justice cry'd out, the Law of God you've broke,
 He heav'd his Hand, but did not give the Stroke.

Then did the GLORIOUS SAVIOUR sweetly shine,
 And comfort that distressed Heart of thine,
 Unutterable things appear'd in Sight,
 While free from Pain, thy Soul was all Delight.

F I N I S.

